

The World.

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OUR SUMMER ART CAPITAL.



Summer is supposed to be the dead season here in all art activities. That is an erroneous idea, as stay-at-homes in the city must have found out long since. Just because some shutters are up along Picture Lane, and no million-dollar auction sales of old masters are getting space in the newspapers, there is no reason to imagine that all the painters and sculptors are loafing, or that the metropolitan and visiting public patronize roof gardens and sea beach vaudeville exclusively.

The attendance at the Metropolitan Museum of Art alone averages 50,000 a month, all through the summer. Copyists by the dozen are always at work there, especially on Mondays and Fridays, the two pay days, when they are not so liable to be annoyed by the crowds climbing over their easels. Brooklynites go to the Institute Museum as regularly as to church.

Whole classes from the Art Students' League, armed with permits to go on the grass, now use Central Park as a happy sketching ground and free open-air art school. This local Barbizon is no bad substitute for the famous French one, or for the thumb-box colonies at Lyme, Woodstock and Shinnecock Hills. Another adventurous group of young impressionists has been exploring the picturesque brewery regions of Staten Island, which travellers say recall the landscapes of the Dusseldorf and Munich schools.

As regards going abroad for art study, the annual prizes in the painting, sculpture and architectural competitions of the American Academy in Rome have just been awarded in New York. A young sculptor from Macdougall Alley, a successful student of painting from the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, and a Denver boy who has been taking the architectural course at the University of Pennsylvania, each have won the legendary and glamorous "prize of Rome." These scholarships mean \$1,000 a year each for three years, travelling expenses to and from Rome, and free residence in the Academy there during the sojourn. Some of the greatest artists of modern times date their careers from the grand boost of a prize of Rome.

When October shall ring in the opening of the gallery and studio season, there ought to be no dearth of pictures by old masters and young, academic and independent. An art-loving public and growing patronage await them. There would be more money in the business if it were not for the ruinous competition of the European painters, especially the dead ones. These latter, from Rembrandt and Velasquez down to Corot and Millet, now that they are exempt from worldly cares, seem to have nothing to do but flood the market with their plausible, high-priced canvases.

THE MAYOR'S LOVING-CUP TOAST.

Here's a health to those that love me, and pooh-pooh! for those that spite. And, whatever sky's above me, here's a heart for any fight.

Here's to Prendergast and Mitchel, and the blooming subway row. Just sit tight and we'll see which'll have the laugh five years from now.

Letters From the People

Yes, John Quincy Adams.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Was there ever a United States President whose father had also been President of the United States? And if so, who?

Starving Animals.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I have read with interest the letters relating to starving animals of the city. If only something could be done for these poor abused animals! Many times have I picked up stray dogs and cats and taken them to the shelter of the E. P. C. A., but it is such a distance from where I live, and many times have I been refused admittance in the cars. It would be a blessing to have cages in the nearby parks where suffering and stray animals could be taken. Many times has my heart been made sad by the thoughtless cruelty of children to animals. If mothers would but teach their children to be kind to all living things what a blessing it would be! Many a mad dog scare could be avoided if a little kindness were shown. Many a so-called mad dog is but a poor, frightened, homeless animal, tortured beyond endurance, which in self defense turns on its tormentor. My little boy takes great pleasure in bringing food and drink to any stray animal that he sees.

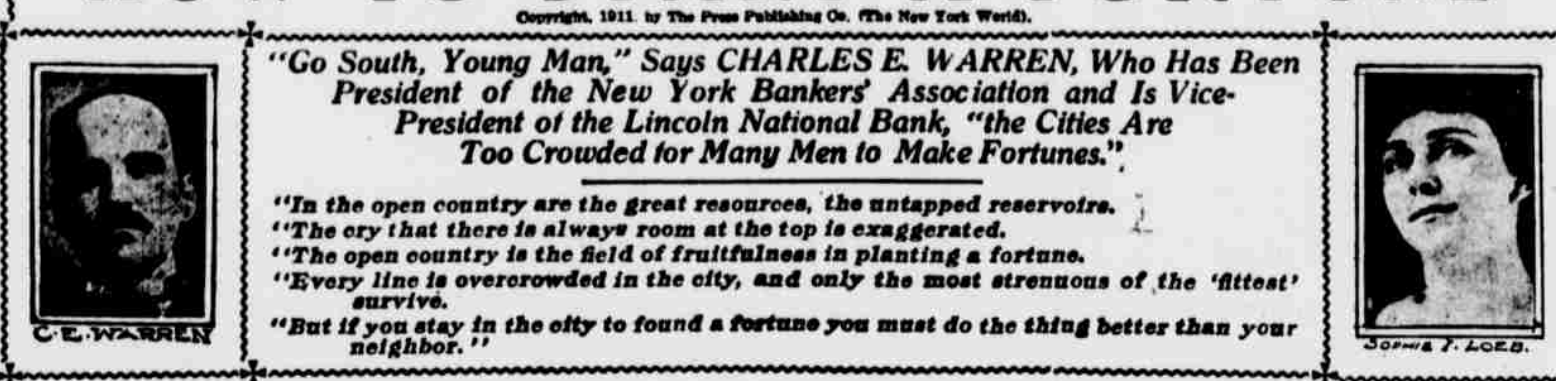
Mrs. HOWARD SMITH.
 A Moment of Beauty.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 In answer to the question, "At what age is woman most beautiful?" let me ask this question, "Have you ever watched a mother gaze on her first-born babe?" If you have there is no need of asking when woman is most beautiful. What are the young mother's reflections as she sits at her babe's crib, unconscious of her self-devotion, sincerity and genuine meekness? Does she ponder and then smile as she thinks of a way to ensure the young man or woman the full grown one? Are these the thoughts that surge through her pretty head and force that mysterious light into her eyes? No! Rather are they the thoughts of happy motherhood. It is at this time that she is least conscious of her looks. In her new love beauty accessories are for the time discarded. Nature and nature only beautifies her mentally as well as physically.

G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t!

By Ferd G. Long



HOW TO START A FORTUNE



Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

HERE are the views of Charles E. Warren who has been president of the New York Bankers' Association and is vice-president of the Lincoln National Bank on Forty-second street:

"The possibilities for a young man founding a fortune to-day lie almost entirely in his getting away from the city, with a very small percentage of possible success to be achieved in favor of the big city. It is over-crowded. Almost every profession is over-done."

"I DO NOT MEAN THAT A MAN HAS NO POSSIBILITIES OF MAKING A LIVING IN THE CITY, PERHAPS A GOOD LIVING, BUT THE BIG FORTUNES OF TO-MORROW WILL HAVE BEGUN IN THE OPEN COUNTRY. THERE ARE THE GREAT RESOURCES—THE UNTAPPED RESERVOIRS, DEVELOPING THE COUNTRY, FARMING, BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES WITH LESS COMPETITION, EASIER LIVING, ALL MAY BE GAINED THERE."

"Then you do not think that there is always room at the top, as the optimist will always have us believe?" I asked.

"No, I do not," answered Mr. Warren. "It is all very fine in theory, but another matter in practice. The men who reach the top are few in the city—most of the climbers camp on the hillside, while others get tired and take the toboggan route."

"There is no doubt but that the city offers more opportunities for the making of an immediate living. For there are workers needed all the time, and when one steps out there is another ready to take his place. But as a rule, if you would admit the truth, the places are so well filled that there is usually a waiting list. A man may make a living, a good one perhaps. But the chances for the fortunes are away from the madding throng."

"What would you suggest as the most plausible place for development?"

"Where Boundless Wealth Lies Waiting."

"I would say, 'Go South, young man—instead of West.' I have had occasion to study both sections and the South seems to offer more vast opportunities than anywhere in this country and even outside our own country."

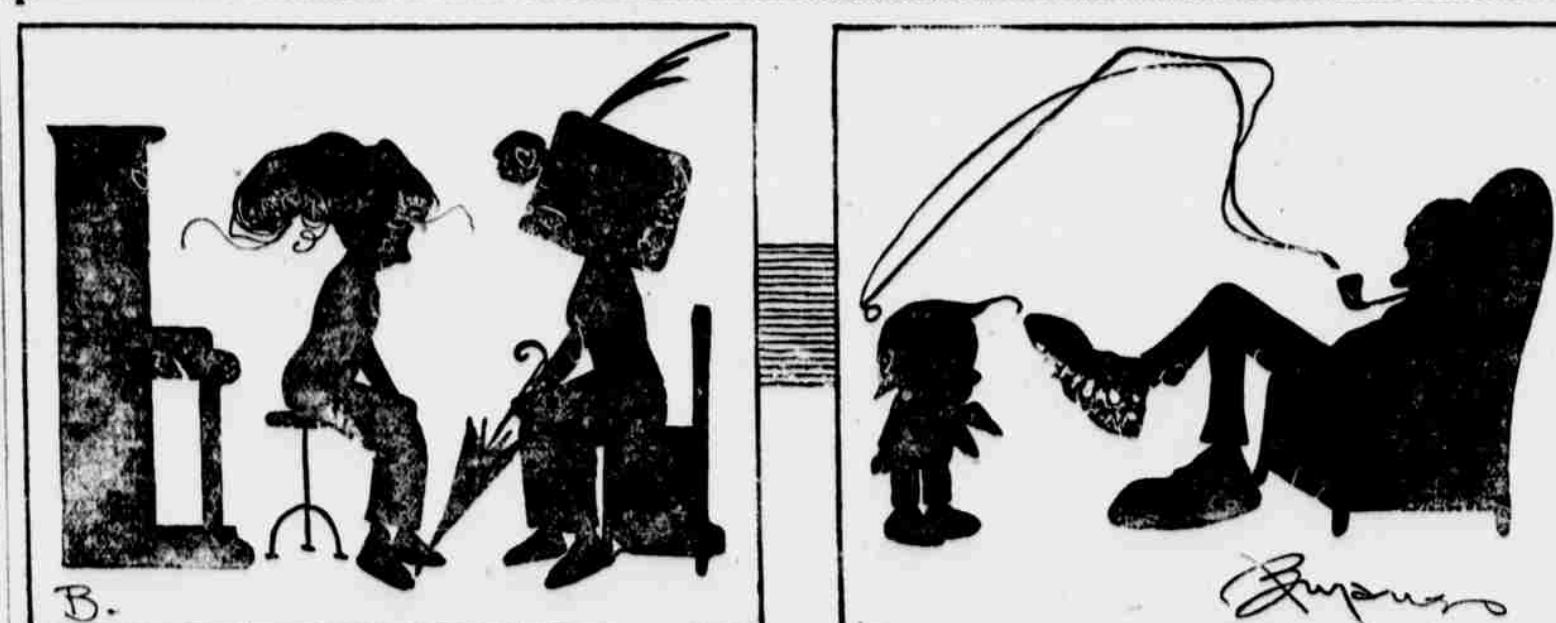
"TAKE SOUTH AMERICA—THE ARGENTINES. THERE IS A WEALTHY COUNTRY THAT HAS NOT BEEN FULLY DEVELOPED. THE CITIES OF WHICH ARE ADVANCING AT AN ENORMOUS RATE—RICH IN ORE, RICH IN MONEY AND IN ALL PRODUCTS THAT PRODUCE THE FORTUNE GERM. OUR GREAT TROUBLE IS THAT BEING BIRDS OF THE FEATHER WE FLOCK TOGETHER. THE INDIVIDUAL SEEMS TO GO WITH THE FLOCK. BUT THE HISTORIES OF THE GREATEST FORTUNES PROVE THAT THE MAN WHO STRUCK OUT ON A PATH OF HIS OWN MAKING USUALLY CAME BACK A WINNER."

"Then you agree with the poet about the crooked path through the wood?" I suggested.

"Just so," answered Mr. Warren. "There is the city scheme exactly. First a foolish calf came along through the woods and made a path all bent askew, a crooked path as good as none. Then a bell-wether sheep followed the path made by the calf. Pretty soon a dog changed along and followed the same winding way. A horse and rider drove through the road. Then a pedestrian found the place and he too traveled the now beaten path—and there you are."

Darktown Doings

By J. K. Bryans



"What's that you say?"
 "I see, is the sun supported in de sky by its beams?"

The Jarr Family.

Mr. Jarr Learns How Many Friends He Has.
 He Wishes He Could Swap Them for Enemies.

By Roy L. McCardell.

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NE never sees or hears of one's friends until one is in dire trouble which is not likely to cost said friends anything. Then they all show up.

Mr. Jarr was to experience this, after his automobile accident with Jack Silver.

The Rangles were first to ring the bell.

"We thought we'd call and see if we could do anything for you," said Mr. Rangle.

This last to Mrs. Jarr.

"Tighty tighty!" cried old Mrs. Dusenberry.

By this time Mrs. Hockett and her daughter had arrived. Mrs. Hockett had tottered into the room with a handkerchief to her eyes and had embraced Mrs. Jarr in silence, as though her grief were too deep for words.

But Miss Hockett's nose was in the air. Miss Hockett felt she had a duty to perform.

"I will not sit down in this house until I have told you," said Miss Hockett.

The creature in the taxicab with Mr. Jarr was Clara Mudridge. I saw her last old father running after the vehicle!

All about their heads in confirmation of this. That is, all except Mr. and Mrs. Jarr. In fact, all present but these two had long decided that the mysterious unknown was Miss Mudridge.

"What are you old hens coming clattering around here for?" asked the angry Mr. Jarr.

"Mrs. Jarr and I know the truth of the matter and that's enough for us! Miss Mudridge had nothing to do with it. Jack Silver was going to a masquerade ball dressed as a bride!"

"A masquerade ball in the summer time? That's rich!" uttered Miss Hockett spitefully.

"And Jack Silver dressed up fantastic, of all men!"

Neither Mr. Jarr nor Mrs. Jarr could blame their friend Miss Mudridge by telling the facts in the case—that Mr. Silver was fleeing from a too demonstrative fiancée and a doddering old dillard of a father-in-law-to-be.

Mrs. Jarr commenced to cry.

"It'll do you good, dearie!" said old Mrs. Dusenberry.

"Kissing the slattern!" asked Mr. Hangle.

"Yes, he was silly at it!" said Mrs. Dusenberry angrily.

"An' he didn't stop till I tied him in bed and beat him with my spreader stick. And I advise you to do the same," she added to Mrs. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr picked up his crutch. "Give this bunch two minutes to evaporate!" he cried with a roar of rage.

And Rangle, like a true friend, led the precipitate retreat of sorrowing, frightened families.

Legends of Old New York

By Alice Phebe Eldridge

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Lake George's Tragedies.

THE ground about Lake George and Lake Champlain was soaked deep with blood during the French and Indian war, for neither the English nor the French could restrain their red-skinned allies from frightful deeds and needless cruelties. Perhaps they did not try very hard.

Any one who has read the Leather Stocking novels by Cooper knows of the place at Glens Falls, the source of the Hudson River, where in a cave in the middle of the stream the gallant Unkas of the Delaware tribe held the vigil with Hawkeye.

Bloody Deeds and Bloody Pond lie between that spot and Lake George. The English were working desperately to build Fort William Henry at the lower end of the lake.

Col. Williams, founder of Williams College, and Capt. Grant, great grandfather of the famous civil war General and President, were sent out with a force of men to check the French from advancing until the fort could be completed.

Both were killed in the ensuing battle, and the massacre of their men was frightful. Dead, dying and wounded were flung into the Bloody Pond and for days it was red. Legend says that even now it resumes its crimson color at sunset, staying lurid until dawn.

Blind Rock, also upon Lake George, is so called because the red men brought a white captive there, and, tearing his eyes out, flung them into a fire at its foot.

At the same spot another English prisoner was allowed to run the gantlet. Hardly had they begun to strike at him when he caught up an Indian hatchet and flung it into the crowd. The confusion that followed he seized an axe out of the hands of a fellow-captive and both escaped.

Prisoners at that time could hope for no mercy. Blazing splinters of pine were thrust into their flesh, their nails were torn out or their bodies slashed with cuts before they went to the stake.

A record is a grim and ghastly one, happening as it did in one of the most beautiful spots in America, on the shores of the lovely Lake George.

New Style Notes.

THE period of the French Revolution is strongly featured in present styles. The cutaway coats, the fluted and the basque styles, as the fashionists are all reminiscent of those historical times.

Many of the incoming models show the short waist extension, and it looks as if this style bodice would now be one of the accepted styles.

Sometimes this addition below the waistline is just a narrow flared trim, then it is just a plain four-inch peplum finish or any fancy pattern, the pointed front being a favorite.

There are so many variations of this extension that individual taste can decide the style for each wearer.

For present wear the soft felt hats in tan, white, blue, lavender and pink are fashionable. They have narrow brims, the facing of hamp in the same shade, and the trimming consists of a band and bow of the hamp.

The coat is a fashionable adjunct of midday's toilet this season. On warm days it necessarily must be of filmy material, and for this purpose there are handsome voile and marquisette coats that are both extremely pretty and quite practical, since they can be laundered.

One in white marquisette is 46 inches long and handsomely embroidered in lavender and white in wide border effect. The large collar collar with low front opening is lavishly embroidered, as are also the kimono sleeves.

Fashion decrees that skirts must be trimmed, and the woman who doesn't like ruffles or puffings can have a four inch hem, and above this, at regular intervals, have three or four tucks the

same width as the hem. This is a pretty finish for the young girl's flimsy wash dress.

The side frill is much in evidence. In the plain tailored waist it is inserted under the front bodice. In the pretty lingerie waist it is tucked under the front opening.

On coats they are attached beneath the right front edge permitting the frill to state over the front opening and the left side of the coat, where it is pinned into position on the reverse.

The close-fitting skirt demands a petticoat that fits the figure snugly to the knees, where it should be attached. This may be either gathered, plaited or simply gored, but it must be so made as to dare not exceed the 34-36 yard measurement.

The Stirrup Cup.

BATH, though a cordial old adage.

Look how compounded, with what care!

Time got his wrinkles reaping thee

Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillate went,

Keats and Goethe, excellent.

Omar Khayyam and Chaucer bright

And Shakespeare for a king delight.

Then Time, let not a drop be spilt;

Hand me the cup whenever thou wilt.

Tis thy rich stirrup cup to me;

I'll drink it down right merrily.

—Edmund Spenser